

## The Sight of You by orphan\_account

**Series:** [Byler in College \[4\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** M/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven | Jane Hopper, Holly Wheeler, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Mike Wheeler, Ted Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Minor or Background Relationship(s), Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-08-28

**Updated:** 2018-08-28

**Packaged:** 2022-04-23 02:33:24

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,089

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Will and Mike head home for Thanksgiving, not without hitch.

## The Sight of You

November 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1989

*Welcome to Hawkins*, the sign read, and Mike's heart began to beat faster as he thought of what he was coming back to. His parents, his sisters, his friends... and Will. Will, whose hazel eyes could never make up their mind what colour they wanted to be. Will, whose inherent goodness never ceased to amaze Mike, but whose deep-set mischievous streak could make the whole room laugh. Will, who had never left his side. Will, who... *Focus*, Mike thought, shaking his head and forcing himself to concentrate on the road. He wondered whether to stop by the Byers-Hopper residence on his way back to his parents'. And if Will wasn't back yet, hey, at least El would be there. *Yes, I will. It's more like home than home anyway*, he thought bitterly.

A light drizzle started to fall as he pulled up to the house. He sighed: of course, his raincoat was in his suitcase. And of course, the only cars in the driveway belonged to Joyce, Jonathan and Hopper. He pulled up the hood of his sweater and switched on his wipers. The door opened before he got to the porch and El stood framed in the doorway, smiling but looking vaguely disappointed. He pulled her into a tight hug.

"Hey," he said, kissing her forehead before he released her. "Missed you."

"I missed you too," she said quietly.

"I know I'm not Will," he said drily. "Trust me, I'm as disappointed that you're not." She punched him gently on the arm.

"Shut up," she grinned. "I'm pleased to see you, honestly. It's just Will said he'd be back by now." Her eyes widened slightly. "Joyce wants to call the police."

"Easy enough, he's only in the next room," Mike, pointed out, and she laughed at that. "Hey, Mrs Byers," he said hastily, flushing slightly as she appeared behind El.

“Hey, sweetie. Have you heard from Will?”

Mike shook his head, earning a squeak of annoyance from El as his bangs flicked water at her. “Not since this morning. He was stressed because his car wouldn’t start.” Both Joyce and El looked visibly relieved. “What?”

“We haven’t heard from him since yesterday,” El said quickly, intercepting Joyce. “We didn’t know about his car.”

“He was at a payphone,” Mike said, almost apologetically. “We only spoke for like a minute. He said he was gonna call you.”

“He must have run out of change,” said Joyce absently. El shivered.

“Go in,” said Mike. “I should go anyway.” Joyce nodded and went back inside. Mike touched El’s arm. “Radio me when he gets back, will you?”

“Will do. Oh, and Dustin and I have been planning. The whole Party’s meeting here tomorrow at ten sharp.”

“Sure thing. See you,” he hugged her goodbye before running through the now-torrential rain back to the car.

“Shit,” Will sighed as his lights went off again and his car made a discontented noise. He flicked on his blinkers and fog lights, as he could barely see through the pouring rain, before turning the ignition. The car revved, and stopped. He tried again with no success, muttering to himself. “Come on, you little – ” Suddenly the car started. Will muttered a word of thanks to no one in particular and pressed his foot down on the accelerator. He was so close; on this side of Indianapolis there was basically nowhere else to stop. If he broke down now, well, he’d just have to wait for someone to find him. It was not a cheerful prospect. He yawned. How had it taken the best part of five hours to drive 120 miles? He squinted through the deluge, trying to make out the sign ahead. Finally he was close enough to read the blessed words, *Welcome to Hawkins*. He breathed a sigh of relief. Surely nothing else could go wrong now?

He applied the brake gently as he coasted down towards the ford which he knew was about five hundred yards from his house. *Shit*, he thought suddenly. *The ford!* He braked hard as the flooded road came into view. Going slowly he probably would have been fine, but he hit the water at such speed that the water surged upwards, soaking his engine, and that was that. Will groaned and cursed his horrific luck, before leaning out of his window to assess the depth of the water. It was not especially deep, in his opinion. “Here goes,” he muttered, opened the door and stepped into the water. He gasped, momentarily shocked by the cold, and an image of bath water swirling down the drain flashed into his mind, followed by a harsh voice. *He likes it cold...* “No,” he said stubbornly. *Not now. Get out of my head.* He trudged determinedly to the back of the car and pushed with everything he had. It was hard going, but with the brakes off, it wasn’t tough to push once he had it moving. Within a few minutes the car was clear of the water, but since there was no way he could start it again, he guided it to the side of the road, grabbed his suitcase, locked the car and started the walk home.

“Is something the matter, Mike?” His mother looked earnestly at her son’s distracted face. Mike forced himself not to get annoyed at her; after all, he’d just got back and she was trying to be nice.

“Sorry, I’m just tired, and a bit worried about Will. His car had some issues coming home.”

“Sulking won’t fix your friend’s car,” interjected his father with his mouth full, before zoning out again.

“You’re right. Thanks Dad,” Mike said, venomously polite. Karen Wheeler shot her husband a look before returning to Mike.

“Would you like to call and see if he’s back?”

“Thanks Mom, but El’s going to let me know when he’s back.” He tried at a grateful smile, and his mother seemed pacified. Mike thought quickly to fill the silence into which the room had once again lapsed. “When’s Nancy back?”

"She's driving up early tomorrow, she's hoping to get here about ten," his mother answered, her eyes lighting up.

"Yay, Nancy's coming back!" chirped Holly. Mike smiled at his younger sister. She annoyed him, but he had missed her.

"That reminds me," he said. "El and Dustin have arranged for us all to meet up about ten tomorrow."

"You won't see your sister?" Karen looked disappointed.

"I'll see her later, but everyone else has set aside this time. We'll only be an hour or two."

"I don't think you should go," Ted put in. "It's Thanksgiving, Michael."

"I'm thankful for my friends," said Mike coldly. "And I wasn't actually asking permission, I was telling you that I'm going." His father raised an eyebrow. "I'm an adult, Dad," he added quietly, but equally forcefully, and no argument returned. Mike felt a surge of triumph, and he turned sharply as he heard a crackling noise from the kitchen.

"What's that?" said his mother, frowning. Mike gasped and jumped to his feet.

"It's El," he said breathlessly. "Excuse me," he said, addressing his mother only. He skidded into the kitchen and grabbed the SuperComm. "El, this is Mike, I copy. Over," he said, tugging the aerial up.

"Will's back, he's okay. Over," was her slightly muffled response.

"I'm on my way. Over and out." He popped his head back into the dining room. "Mom, I'm going over to El and Will's. Thanks for dinner, it was great."

"Okay, sweetie. Try not to be too late, remember you're seeing them tomorrow."

"Got it. Night, Holly," he smiled one more time before disappearing.

Within five minutes, Mike was pulling into the drive once again, but once again Will's car was not there. Mike frowned. Why would El be lying? He ran to the front door again and knocked loudly. It opened almost immediately, and Mike took an involuntary step back when Hopper appeared in front of him. The corner of his mouth twitched. It occurred to Mike that he might be amused that he himself was still intimidated by him after all this time.

"Take it easy, kid. Come on in." He stood aside; Mike entered, his heart pounding, and kicked off his shoes. "He's in his bedroom."

Mike turned the corner slowly, and knocked on the door of the room at the end of the hall. He heard El's voice call out, "Come in," and pushed the door open cautiously.

"Mike!" cried a delighted voice, and immediately Mike felt Will's arms wrapped around him. He stumbled back a pace, laughing, before hugging him back and nuzzling his nose into Will's hair, which was still slightly damp. He glanced up to see El looking pointedly out of the window, before lifting Will's chin and placing a gentle kiss to his lips.

"God, I missed you," he whispered. "I'm so glad you're okay," he added, more strongly, looking Will up and down. He was dressed in flannel pyjama pants and a thick knitted sweater, and good God, he was adorable. "What happened to you? Why were you so late back?"

"The car," he said gloomily, taking Mike's hand and sitting down on the bed with him. He looked exhausted.

"Yeah, where is it?"

"Down the road," put in El, who was sat cross-legged in the easy chair Joyce had installed in Will's absence. She pointed her head in the general direction of the window. "Dad's just gone to tow it back."

"I came down the hill too fast," started Will.

"You crashed?!" Mike looked horrified.

“What? No!” Will shook his head, exasperated, and pushed his glasses up his nose. “Let me finish! I just forgot the ford would be flooded and, well, splash. I pushed it out but couldn’t start it up again.”

“You pushed your car out?” Mike was impressed. “Were you okay? You must have been freezing.”

Will and El exchanged glances. “Been better,” he said quietly. Mike pulled him back into a hug, understanding. El rose to her feet.

“I’ll leave you be,” she said, “but I want you gone by ten-thirty, Wheeler, I’m tired.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he murmured, saluting. Will bit his lip as the door closed behind her.

Will reached for the hot water bottle on his nightstand and hugged it to himself, drawing his knees up to his chin and leaning on Mike’s shoulder, as Mike wrapped his arm around him. He sighed in contentment, then stifled a yawn. “I really won’t stay late,” said Mike. Will nodded slowly.

“I almost wish you would,” he said, shifting slightly until he could press fully into Mike’s side. “I missed you so much I’m not sure I can stand you leaving again,” he added, looking up at his boyfriend.

“Me neither,” Mike softly. Will smiled and reached up to kiss him again.

“Not quite the reunion I’d envisioned,” he said drily.

“Perhaps not,” agreed Mike, “but it was worth it for this.”

“El told me you came by earlier,” Will said, and Mike thought he saw the cheeky glimmer return to Will’s eyes. “She said you weren’t very pleased to see her.”

Mike spluttered with indignation. “She wasn’t very pleased to see me!” Will laughed at his chagrin, and then sucked in his cheeks, trying desperately not to yawn. “I like the glasses, by the way.” For

the first time, Will looked self-conscious.

“I haven’t decided about them yet. I prefer contacts.”

“They really suit you,” Mike said honestly. Will smiled.

“Thanks.” He took them off and placed them on the nightstand, before leaning on Mike again. “I love you,” he murmured, and Mike felt his head become heavy on his shoulder. He rested his head on Will’s and felt his own eyelids closing.

Mike woke suddenly what felt like seconds later as the door clicked open. El was sat, reading, on her camp-bed in her pyjamas, and flashed him the stink-eye when she saw he was awake. He snapped his head to Will’s alarm clock, which read 10:55. “Shit. Sorry, El,” he whispered, feeling that Will was still asleep. He squeezed his arm gently and Will stirred. Mike kissed him on the cheek and allowed him to lie down and wriggle under his duvet. “See you tomorrow,” he murmured.

“Night,” El said shortly as he left the room. Mike slipped out to find that the rain had stopped. Before he knew it he was back at home and crawling into his own bed. Tomorrow was going to be awesome.

### **Author's Note:**

The next instalment will be the Party's reunion because Lucas, Dustin and Max have been criminally underused in this series so far and I will stand it no longer.

After that will probably be another letter fic (but from Will's POV this time), and then Christmas, because I cannot wait for winter.

I love hearing your thoughts, so spam those comments or hit me up on Tumblr (@teaforoneplease)!